

THE 11754.22.36

S O N - I N - L A W,

A

Comic Opera ;

I N T W O A C T S.

B Y

J O H N O ' K E E F F E, Esq.



D U B L I N:

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M DCC LXXX III.

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Cra
Vin
Bo
Bo
Idl
M
O
Jo

D
C

Dramatis Personæ.

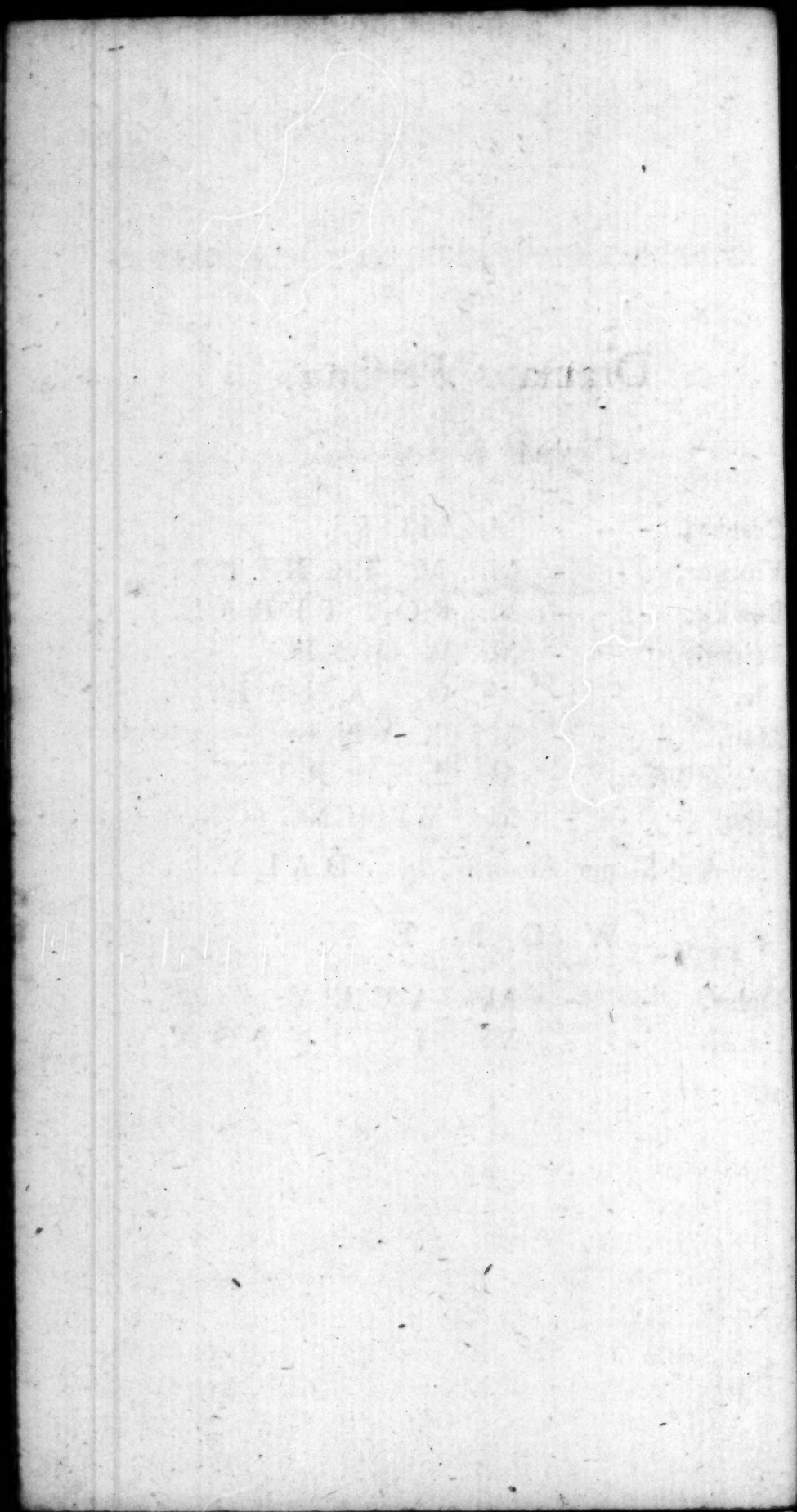
M E N.

Cranky, - - - Mr. MOSS.
Vinegar, - - - Mr. MITCHELL.
Bowkit, - - - Mr. FOTTERAL.
Bouquet, - - - Mr. WOOD.
Idle, - - - Mr. GRAHAM.
Man, - - - Mr. KANE.
Orator Mum, - - Mr. LEBRUN.
John, - - - Mr. WITHINGTON.

And Signor Arionelli, Mrs. DALY.

W O M E N.

Dolce, - - - Mrs. ACEY.
Cecilia, - - - Mrs. JOHNSON.



THE
SON-IN-LAW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Cranky's House.

Enter Cecilia.

Cecilia.

FATHER! Sir! do, pray come out—I fear he'll do some mischief there—Papa!

Enter Cranky.

Cranky. Ah ha! upon my word very well—very pretty indeed.

Cecil. Pretty! say elegant my dear papa—shew me such another concert room—you have seen Drury-lane at an Oratorio?

Cranky. Not I, child.

Cecil. If you had you must indisputably, nay, certainly wou'd own, that I have fitted

B

out

out my little room in a far superior stile.—A stranger wou'd imagine nothing insular cou'd possibly produce such an effect but the taste of a *Cornelly*.

Cranky. Ay, like enough child, like enough.

Cecil. Ah, my dear papa, what inexpressible delight it would give you, if you had but a little taste for music.

Cranky. Why, I have Cecilia, I have a very great taste for music.

Cecil. Indeed!

Cranky. Yes I have indeed; for I stopped upwards of two minutes the other day in Lincoln's-Inn fields, listening to the man playing on the little sticks.

Cecil. Oh! Orpheus defend me!

Cranky. I like a good song, or a good tune upon the fiddle; but at your confounded concerts as you call them, they set up such a roaring, scraping and piping, that confound me if I can hear one for the noise of the other.

Cecil. Ha! ha! ha! but my dear papa, if I could but prevail upon you to stay at home to-night.

Cranky. I can't, child, it's club night.

Cecil. You'll be inspired with such a gusto.

Cranky. A good song and a bottle, that's my gusto—I am an Englishman, Cecilia—I like an English song, and had rather hear the simple, ner ois strains of an honest tar in praise of a Rodney, a Hood, or a Drake, than all the squilli n concerts of Italy. Oh! girl,

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girl, if you was but to hear a song at our club!

Cecil. Over a bottle sir, (*ironically.*)

Cranky. Ay girl, over a bottle.

Cecil. They sing so charming loud and strong, sir.

Cranky. Well, now but I want to speak to you on a more serious subject. I am informed you have an acquaintance with a Mr. Bouquet a hop merchant.

Cecil. Hop merchant, sir! there's not a finer gentleman about town than Mr. Bouquet.

Cranky. Like enough! I never saw him; but my old friend Vinegar, the wine merchant, tells me there is not a greater coxcomb about town, than this Bouquet—his father was a Frenchman I find, so he's a fop by inheritance.

Cecil. I wish Mr. Vinegar would mind his own affairs.

Cranky. So he does, so he does child—he has acquired a noble fortune by the importation of Port and Madeira.

Cecil. Making Port and Madeira you mean, sir; he's an officious, impertinent, busy old mischief-maker.

Cranky. He's my friend, girl.

Cecil. Sir, your child's enemy, never can be your friend.—Mr. Vinegar talk of Mr. Bouquet! Mr. Vinegar is a mechanic, but Mr. Bouquet is a gentleman, and scorns to do any thing.

Cranky. Time enough for him to commence gentleman, when he has gathered the plum from the tree of industry—'tis then a man sweetly enjoys the fruits of his labour.

Cecil. Yes, sir! and by the time this plum is ripe, be without a tooth, obliged to mumble the fruit like old Vinegar.

Cranky. She loves him; I see that, (*aside.*) Harkee, child, take my word for it, Bouquet will never be worth the kernel of a green damson—I am told it is nothing with the fellow but Ranelaghs, Pantheons and Operas.

Cecil. Well I like him the better.

Cranky. To-day, I am told, rattling along in his vis-a-vis, like a Venetian ambassador; to-morrow perch'd up in a high phaeton peeping into the peoples garret windows—now in his powder'd gown like a French barber, and then you see him sliding down the Mall in a pye-ball'd coat—buckles from the shew-glass in Exeter 'Change, and the face of a waiting-maid under the hat of a Prussian trooper.

Cecil. Believe me, sir, Mr. Vinegar's outre description of him is a most monstrous caricatura—He judge of a gentleman that's as old fashioned as a viol-de-gambo!—with a voice as dissonant as the unison duetto of two ballad fingers!—he judge of a gentleman, with his narrow ruffles and twelve grey hairs ty'd up in a rose bag!

Cranky. You love this Bouquet then?

Cecil. I do, sir; I frankly own it.

Cranky

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Cranky. Well child, I like your candour, you shall go with me into the country, child; and I warrant there the sweet revolutions of the seasons will erase him from your heart.

Cecil. Ah! dear papa, never, never.

Cranky. Cecilia, I tell you this—I love you as a parent should, and therefore I never will approve of Mr. Bouquet's addresses until he forsakes fashion and foppery, and returns to his hop-yards in Kent, and his country-house in St. Mary Axe.

Cecil. Indeed papa, you are extremely cruel to me—my soul is never possessed of the sweet idea of my lov'd Bouquet that you don't sour my temper with old Vinegar, and when I fondly imagine every obstacle to my happiness removed, you throw a hop-pocket in my way, and cut off my darling hopes with an odious symmery Ax.

Cranky. You know, child, I mean it all for——

Cecil. Oh sir—you'll yet repent your unkindness to your poor Cecilia——now for a seraphic strain to soften, then leave him to melt at leisure.

S O N G.

Tho' sweetly breathes the smiling spring,
Tho' gentle rains the flowers bring,
And hawthorns buds so gay;
In vain descend refreshing show'rs,
In vain peep forth the infant flow'rs,
For my true love is far away!

Tho'

THE SON-IN-LAW.

Tho' blooming spring to summer yields,
 And promis'd daisies paint the fields,
 And sun-beams brightly play;
 The sunny beams could never impart,
 A ray of joy to this fond heart,
 For my true love is far away.

Should plenteous harvest bless the plains,
 And golden crops rejoice the swains,
 And sweetly smelling hay;
 Tho' all around is blythe and glad,
 Cecilia's heart alone is sad,
 For my true love is far away.

[Exit.

Cranky. Poor Cecilia—yes, yes, she loves the hop merchant—'twill break her heart if she don't get him, poor child (*weeps.*) Psha! what an old fool am I!—I'll see this Bouquet, perhaps he is not so bad as my friend Vinegar represents him. I'll send for him, and if—well, I'll say no more till I see him. No, no, my child must not die of a broken heart—I'll send for him—who's there?
 (*Rings the Bell.*)

Enter Dolce.

Oh Dolce, get me—hold its here—(*goes to a table and writes*) Ay, ay, "Mr. Bouquet Hop Merchant." This I think will fetch him. Dolce, call John hither.

Dolce. My lady has sent him out, sir.

Cranky. Ay, ay, he's running over the town hunting the fiddlers—well—oh! apropos, Dolce—is not the young man below that brought me the letter just now?

Dolce.

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Dolce. Yes, sir.

Cranky. He'll do——send him up (*Exit Dolce.*) This young man is strongly recommended to me by my old friend Dr. Numskull the rector—he says he has a most surprising genius for oratory and eloquence, and all that—oh here he comes.

Enter Mum.

Now shall I be stunn'd with a redundant flow of words. Your servant, sir.

Mum. Uh! (*nods his head.*)

Cranky. I think, sir, your name is Mum?

Mum. Mum!

Cranky. You brought me a letter sir, from Dr. Numskull of Somnus-hall?

Mum. Ay.

Cranky. He writes me word you are a great orator and an able disputant.

Mum. Ay.

Cranky. And that your design is to come to London to deliver lectures upon elocution.

Mum. Yes.

Cranky. Have you fix'd upon a place for your purpose?

Mum. No.

Cranky. Well we must look out for some commodious large room for you.

Mum. Ay.

Cranky. Are you married?

Mum. No.

Cranky. You design to marry?

Mum.

Mum. Ay.

Cranky. You can't fail of success among the ladies.

Mum. No.

Cranky. Your eloquence must have a powerful effect upon them!

Mum. Ay.

Cranky. You have the art of persuasion?

Mum. Yes.

Cranky. Dr. Numskull reports you are a clever auctioneer.

Mum. Yes.

Cranky. But I begin to have some doubts of your loquacity.

Mum. Oh ho!

Cranky. Oh ho! two syllables at last—I find you are a great orator.

Mum. Ay.

Cranky. But your talents seem better adapted to the Parliament-house than the rostrum—Shou'd you like it?

Mum. Yes.

Cranky. Have you much money?

Mum. No.

Cranky. Then if you were in Parliament you would soon be a conscience out of pocket.

Mum. Ay.

Cranky. You'd not give your eyes for nothing?

Mum. No.

Cranky. Will you carry a letter for me?

Mum. Yes.

Cranky.

Cranky. Here (*gives the letter*) it's for Mr. Bouquet, hop merchant, in Suffolk-street.

Mum. Ay.

Cranky. Come back here directly, and we'll think of your oratorical scheme.

Mum. Oh ho !

[*Exit Mum.*]

Cranky. Oh ho ! you are the devil of an orator—his words are so precious he keeps them all for the rostrum. Now for Cecilia ; if this Bouquet is at all an eligible match, why in the name of goodness she shall have him—I were a malicious old ass to debar my child from pleasures I can no longer enjoy myself—I have had my day, and egad, when kisses were divided, I did not come in for the smallest share—Ah ! the little rogues—but I have done with them all.

S O N G.

Maidens do not think me stupid,
If I view your charms unmov'd,
What has age to do with Cupid ;
Age can ne'er again be lov'd.

C H O R U S.

When hairs are grey and blood is cold,
The heart should not run wild,
For he who marries when he's old,
May kiss his neighbour's child.

Active in each am'rous duty,
I could ogle, swear and lie,
To obtain the yielding beauty,
Kneel and flatter, sigh and die.

Chorus, When hairs, &c,

S C E N

SCENE II. *Bouquet's lodging.**Bouquet and Idle.**The former reckoning money and putting notes in his book.**Bou.* Idle ! I think this will do—ah !*Idle.* If it could but last this is a glorious life of ours.*Bou.* I bid fair for it—as I have for ever banished play from my fashionable amusements, blotted it out of my catalogue.*Idle.* Right, sir ; we are able to spend our money ourselves.*Bou.* Lilly, order my vis-a-vis.*Idle.* Lilly, order my vis-a-vis—I don't like a vis-a-vis—I can't loll in it (*yawns*) I like to loll.*Bou.* Idle, don't tell any one, keep it strictly from the people of the house here, that I was a hop-planter, and you my clerk.*Idle.* Tell !—Its too much trouble.*Bou.* Idle, charming chemistry this of mine ! what an ethereal spirit to transmute earth into gold.*Idle.* And gold into pleasure.*Bou.* I have reserved a few Kentish acres, tho' to sweeten matrimony.*Idle.* Yes, but this disposing of one's property is devilish troublesome—I wish you had done it all at once.*Bou.*

Bou. I have sins enough in my list not to add that of deceiving so amiable a girl as Cecilia.

Idle. Why she would have you without a guinea.

Bou. And for that reason I wish I was worth a million.—I wish I could prevail on her to elope.

Idle. That eloping is so cursed troublesome—Elope! why don't you step up boldly, and ask old Cranky his consent?

Bou. Because I am certain of a refusal—some impertinent blockhead has been busy enough to tell him what an elegant young fellow I am.

Idle. How the devil can people give themselves so much trouble?

Bou. Yes, the father it seems, tho' he never saw me, thinks it a high misdemeanor that I should quit the city, and prefer life to existence; without considering that I am at this instant a combination of fancy, taste, and splendor.

Idle. You look well enough—I should like to dress, but its such a damned deal of trouble.

Bou. Why I flatter myself I am no bad match; but if she burns priming, never more will I take aim by dress—never again cock my hat a-la-Suisse—I'll certainly discharge my friseur in a cloud of Mareschale—pare my nails—break my looking glass—sell off my

my vis-a-vis—and return to St. Mary Axe in a hackney-coach.

Idle. I would not take so much trouble for the finest woman in England.

Bou. [*Surveying himself.*] I fancy, Idle, the demolition of the looking-glass would be the last operation; for absolutely 'tis a most significant interpreter of the glances of the fair.

S O N G.

This face observe discerning fair,
Observe each motion debonair;
This face observe discerning fair,
Observe each motion debonair;
My Artois Buckles when you view,
In shining sable satin shoe,
You'll say that I'm from top to toe,
A monstrous handsome city beau.

My humble Wisky I despise,
Like Phaeton I mount the skies,
And as I drive away like mad,
They'll all declare that I'm the lad;
And cry he's sure from top to toe,
A monstrous handsome city beau.

S C E N E III. *A Street.*

Enter Mum, with a letter, and knocks at a door.

Enter a Man.

Mum. Eh! (*gives the letter.*)

Man. [*Reads.*] "Mr. Bouquet, Hop-merchant in Suffolk-street." A Bouquet has had

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had my apartments these three weeks, but this letter can't be for him.

Mum. No!

Man. No. He follows no business, he's a man of fashion and fortune.

Mum. Oh!

Man. He's this instant gone out in his vis-a-vis—Hop-merchant! As sure as can be—oh, I have it—Hop-merchant! ha! ha! ha! this letter must be for my neighbour Bowkitt the dancing-master.

Mum. Oh ho!

Man. Hop-merchant! let me see! B,O,U,—Aye, that's one way of spelling Bow—and Q,U,E,T instead of kitt,—and because he's a Dancing-master, they stile him a Hop-merchant, very comical faith! he! he! he!

Mum. Ha!

Man. He lives at that door my lad, Hop-merchant! ha! ha! [*Exit Man.*]

Enter Bowkitt, speaking to a Servant.

Bow. No matter! say I am gone in the chariot to give a lesson to the Countess of Cotillon—Tol de rol. [*Dances and Sings.*]

Mum. Uh!

[*Gives the letter.*]

Bow. For me! Ah, ha! [*Capers, opens the letter and reads.*]

“Sir,

“In consequence of my daughter's partiality to your merit, I can no longer oppose

pose Cecilia's inclination, that I should give her hand to you in the Temple of Hymen, for which purpose, the bearer will conduct you to the house of,

Your obedient servant,

KILLIGREW CRANKY."

so here's, a new scholar, ah ha! (*Capers.*)

Mum. Oh ho!

Bow. And I am singled out for dancing with her in the Temple of Hymen. The Temple of Hymen is some new Ball-room I suppose, for I never heard of it before—*[looks at the superscription of the letter]* BOUQUET—aye it must be a person of fashion by not knowing how to spell my name—Hop-merchant! they have heard of my keeping a little Dancing-school in Clerkenwell—that's unfortunate—you lead to the house.

Mum. Yes.

Bow. We'll promenade to the Mews-gate, then hay for a coach. Cast off.

Mum. Hey!

Bow. Foot it—toll de roll. *[Exit dancing.]*

Mum. Oh ho! toll de roll. *[Exit capering.]*

SCENE IV. Cranky's house.

Enter Cranky and John.

Cranky. John is the young man returned.

John. No, Sir. *[Exit Footman.]*

Cranky.

Cranky. I am quite impatient to see Cecilia's taste.

[*A knocking.*

Enter John.

John. A gentleman, Sir, who calls himself *Bowkitt*.

Cranky. This is he—Bouquet, you block-head, shew him up. [*Exit John*] *Bowkitt!*—an Englishman is so naturally Antigallican, that he can't pronounce a word that tends to a French sound—Oh here's my daughter's fancy—Servant Sir.

Enter Bowkitt.

Bow. Sir, I have the superlative felicity to declare, with most profound respect, that I have the honour to profess myself, your most obedient, much devoted, humble servant. [*Bows affectedly.*

Cranky. How he shews his legs about [*aside.*] I presume, Sir, you partly guess at the business on which I desire this favour.

Bow. Yes, Sir; I understand you design to give a ball.

Cranky. A ball!

Bow. Yes, Sir, in the Temple of Hymen.

Cranky. Oh yes, Sir, my daughter wishes to offer you her hand there.

Bow. Sir, she does me a great deal of honour: the Temple of Hymen, Sir, of a new room is——

Cranky. New ! I think its a pretty old room, Sir.

Bow. Hem ! very odd I never heard of it before—I mean, Sir, it is so spacious——

Cranky. Why yes, Sir, I believe the Temple of Hymen is the largest room in Europe, for scarce a night passes that some millions of couples are not led down in it.

Bow. A damn'd lying old fellow this, [*aside.*] Yes, Sir, the Temple of Hymen is pretty much frequented by persons of fashion.

Cranky. Yes, Sir, and persons of fashion have lately adopted a fashion of setting to cross partners—But I'll venture to say, my Cecilia is unfashionably virtuous now, and I hope will ever remain so ; but tho' Sir, I find you are decreed her partner in this long dance——

Bow. Long dance ! He's very vulgar.

[*aside.*

Cranky. As its a dance that lasts you know——

Bow. I do know, Sir—I am a compleat master of all the dances now used in the polite assemblies of Great Britain, from the Scotch Reel to the Minuet de la Cour.

Cranky. Yes, Sir ; but as I am about to resign my child to your care, you'll not be offended if I frankly tell you, you had much better have stuck to your Hops, than meddle with Reels and de la Cours.

Bow. Ah Sir, thanks to taste and practice, I have done with Hops long ago.

Cranky.

Cranky. More shame for you, Sir—I assure you, Sir, attention to business should be the strongest recommendation to my favour.

Bow. Sir, I challenge any gentleman of the pump in London, to pay a closer attention to business than I—for besides my private visits to particular ladies in town, I've no less than eight boarding-schools—first, Hay for Hackney—Chaslee for Hammer-smith—Slide down for Chelsea—Cross-over to Battersea—Figure-in to Stockwell—Promenade to Newington—Boree to London-bridge—and Cast-down to Bow—so Sir, you see I have a pretty general intercourse with the ladies.

Cranky. You are a great favourite indeed.

Bow. Oh Sir—ah ha!

[*capers.*]

S O N G.

With an air debonair,
I instruct the ladies;
Charming sweet and pretty,
Lovely fair and witty,
Susan, Jane and Kitty,
I contrive to hit ye,
Come away,
All you gay,
For the dance my trade is.

Charming sweet and pretty,
Lovely fair and witty,
Prithee come away,
All you gay,
For the dance my trade is.

Cranky. But Sir, a word if you have done with your quavers and capers—If it is your passion—I say Sir, if you are so frolicksome as thus to dance after all the boarding-schools, about town, my daughter can expect but little of your company.

Bow. Sir, I'll be with her three times a week.

Cranky. He'll make a devilish fashionable husband. [*Aside.*

Bow. One hour each visit, no more time can I spare, Sir. No, no, cannot neglect the boarding schools—the sweet little angels.

Cranky. But Sir, if you are connected with my family, I presume you'll have no more to do with the little angels.

Bow. Why Sir, I could not live without them.

Cranky. Here's a fellow going to be married to my daughter, and tells me to my face, he can't do without three or four dozen little angels. (*aside.*) And are you really of so amorous a constitution.

Bow. I amorous! O fie Sir! I mean all in the way of business.

Cranky. Oh, then, I fancy my daughter will find employment for a cleverer fellow than ever stood upon your legs.—But seriously Sir, have you entirely given up the Hop-business?

Bow. Damn the Hop-business—begging your pardon Sir—but I'd rather not have it mentioned—It was a vile drudgery—exceeding

ceeding low—No, no, Sir, the boarding-schools for me.

Cranky. And another Son-in-law for me, (*aside.*) I wish you success—good morning to you Sir.

Bow. You'll send the young lady Sir.

Cranky. Indeed I will not Sir,—you won't do for my family.

Bow. Sir, I am extremely sorry—

Cranky. Don't let me be rash tho'—Sir, one word—Is all your dealings at an end amongst the brewers?

Bow. The Brewers, Sir.

Cranky. Zounds Sir, in one word have you any property left?

Bow. Property Sir!

Cranky. Yes, property Sir—after all your Reels and Courants, could you scrape up a little capital to begin the world with.

Bow. Here Sir, is the little capital that I began the world with, and I'll scrape it up for you with all my heart and skill.

[*Pulls out a Kit.*

Cranky. He's mad.

Bow. But my dear Sir, why all this passion? I never knew, or can imagine that money is so necessary to our agreement, at least on my side. Do you find money, I'll find steps—ah ha!

[*capers.*

Cranky. Step out of my house this minute.

Bow. Sir, this is very strange behaviour.

Cranky. Hop off, Mr. Hop-factor.

Enter

Enter Cecilia.

Cecil. What's the matter?

Cranky. Why zounds girl! the fellow's not worth a shilling.

Cecil. What fellow Sir?

Cranky. But if you will have him, you must—you'll repent it, that's all—you'll find yourself neglected by him.

Bow. I shall not neglect the lady, Sir.

Cranky. Did not you tell me you could be with her but three hours in the week?

Bow. I did so, Sir.

Cranky. There, there, there; but if you will have him you must—three hours in the week with you only; and yet he's as amorous as the great Mogul.

Bow. Not I Sir, I'm not amorous.

Cranky. Oh did not you tell me you could not live without chafing after the boarding-school angels?

Bow. Sir, you may be as angry as you please; but I tell you again, I cannot neglect the boarding-schools.

Cranky. There! there! there! But if you will have him you must—He is not worth a guinea—he has not as much Hops as would produce a pennyworth of two-penny—He's poor, and to do him justice, I never saw an uglier fellow in my days—but as he's your choice——

Cecil. My choice! who is the gentleman?

Cranky.

Cranky. Why, who should he be but your darling Bouquet, the Hop-man, of St. Mary-Axe.

Cecil. Not he indeed, Sir!

Cranky. No! why who the devil is he then?

Bow. Billy Bowkitt, the dancing-master, of Suffolk-street.

Cranky. A dancing-master?

Bow. At your service Sir.

Cranky. And what brought you here?

Bow. Pray Sir, is this your hand? (*shews the letter.*) you sent for me.

Cranky. I send for a dancing—shew me. (*looks at the letter.*) I have it, ha! ha! ha! —I have it, ha! ha! ha!

Cecil. My dear papa, what is all this?

Cranky. My dear it proceeds from a confounded blunder of orator Mum's—ha! ha! ha!

Cecil. How Sir?

Cranky. Instead of delivering my letter here to your lover Bouquet, he goes and gives it to—What's your name, my lad?

Bow. My lad!—My name's Bowkitt, Sir.

Cranky. Gives it to Bowkitt, the dancing-master—ha! ha! ha! But you'll excuse what has passed, my lad—you see what has occasioned it.

Cecil. I knew there must be some mistake; but now, Sir, I hope you'll rectify it, by sending for Mr. Bouquet—In the mean time

time I can only testify my concern at having been the innocent cause of any embarrassment to this gentleman.

Bow. Oh, never mind it madam, I shall be happy to dance at your wedding.

T R I O.

Bowkitt. Your so charming and fair,
Such a grace such an air,
That you swim in the dance,
Like a lady from France,
And will prove when a wife,
A good partner for life.
And will prove, &c.

Cranky. Some fathers would huff frown and lour,
Insist on their absolute pow'r,
And give up their children for pelf;
But Cecilia since you'll not agree,
To marry the man pleases me,
E'en marry who pleases yourself.
E'en marry who, &c.

Cecilia. Cupid, Hymen crown our love,
To a maiden's call attend;
Faithful may the husband prove,
When the father proves a friend.
Faithful may, &c.

Bowkitt. Cupid, Hymen hear our pray'r,
Let the graces dance a Hay,

Cranky. Bacchus on thy Tun appear,
This is Cranky's holiday.

Cecilia.

Cecilia. Let the graces dance a Hay,
This is feast and holiday,
This is feast and holiday.

Bowkitt. Cupid, Hymen hear our pray'r,
This is feast and holiday,
Let the Graces dance a Hay,
This is feast and holiday.

Cranky. Bacchus on thy Tun appear,
This is feast and holiday,
This is feast, &c.

End of the first Act.

ACT

THE SON-IN-LAW.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in Cranky's House.**Vinegar.*

I KNOW he's at home.

John. He is not at home indeed, fir.*Vin.* I am sure he is tho'.*John.* Why upon my word fir, he is not.*Vin.* You lie, you lie, firrah, he is above.
Cranky, old Cranky, I say. I warrant him
here—Old Cranky, I say.*Enter Vinegar and John.*I say, I say old Cranky—eh! not here I find
—but, you impudent scoundrel, how durst
you contradict me when I said he was at
home? Answer me that.*John.* Because fir, I knew he was abroad.*Vin.* But you ought to know it was ill
manners to contradict—eh! you plebeian,
answer me.*John.* Sir I——*Vin.*

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Vin. Do you prate? I'll break your head you scoundrel—I'll break your head. (*offers to strike.*)

John. Sir—Sir—I—if you strike me perhaps,—perhaps you'd find I'll answer you that—

Vin. You impudent audacious—

Enter Cranky.

Cranky. Gads me! what's all here to do? hey friend Vinegar.

Vin. Contradict me, he!

Cranky. Why Vinegar, you are always wrangling with the servants—what have they done to you, that you thus declare open war against them?

Vin. War—no war—I'll use them as we do the French; declare no war, but beat them wherever I meet them.

Cranky. Yes, but shew a little less of the master, and you'll find your servant more of your friend. Go down stairs John.

[*Exit John.*]

Vin. Ay, go down stairs, sirrah—contradict me—were you abroad now—answer me that?

Cranky. I was—yes I was.

Vin. You were not—but I won't contradict you because it is not manners—well you were out then—where? answer me that.

Cranky. I was in search of this Mr. Bouquet, on whom, I find my daughter has fixed her heart.

D

Vin.

Vin. In search of Bouquet—not you indeed.

Cranky. Upon my word I was tho'.

Vin. No, but I won't contradict you because it wou'd be unmannerly.

Cranky. I think as you say, it is unmannerly to contradict.

Vin. Do you go to the club to-night? answer me that?

Cranky. I intend so.

Vin. No you don't—but I won't contradict you—because I know what manners is.

Yes—you're as polite as a Dutch pirate.
(*half aside.*)

Vin. What?

Cranky. I say we have a fine summer before us.

Vin. Cranky you call'd me a Pirate!

Cranky. Not I—but I won't contradict you because it would not be good manners.

Vin. If you talk of manners, you might bid me sit down in your own house.

Cranky. Well, sit down then, and I'll give you a bottle of your own Port.

Vin. I'd rather drink any body's else.

Cranky. John,

Enter John.

a bottle of Port.

John. Yes sir.

Vin. I'm a fine fellow—answer me that?

Cranky. So you are. (*Enter John with wine and glasses.*)
Vin.

THE SON-IN-LAW.

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Vin. You have cause to say so—retire.

(Exit John.)

Sing me a song, and I'll tell you a story.

Cranky. With all my heart.

S O N G.

I like the plain song without fine re-pe-ti-ti-ons,
Soft cadences, graces, or running di-vi-si-ons;
I love Langolee, and sweet gramachree Molly
Or strike up the Jorum to chace me-lan-cho-ly.
Or strike, &c.

With a bottle of red, give me Bumper 'Squire
Jones,
And the Tempest of War in bold Bannister's tones;
With old friends and old wine, thus I feel no decay,
But a gentle decline as life passes away.
Good humour's our waiter, so drink and sit still,
For why shou'd we part 'till old death brings the bill.
For why, &c.

There old Vinegar, that's my epitaph.

Vin. I wish it was.

Cranky. Thank you.

Vin. Did you sing your best?

Cranky. Yes I did.

Vin. The worst song I ever heard.

Cranky. Eh!—But your story.

Vin. Did you find Bouquet? answer me
that.

Cranky. No.

Vin. You soon may.

Cranky. Where?

Vin. In the case.

Cranky. What case?

Vin. In St. George's fields.

Cranky. The King's Bench?

Vin. Yes, he's a man of pleasure.—The dog and duck will be his Ranelaghs, and he'll travel as far as the Lactarium.

Cranky. Fact?

Vin. Think no more of him—I've a husband for your daughter.

Cranky. Who is he?

Vin. Do you like a rich son-in-law?—
Answer me that.

Cranky. Yes.

Vin. That's wonderful, harkee, he's worth upwards of an hundred and forty thousand pounds!

Cranky. Is he handsome?

Vin. A little gummy or so.

Cranky. Who is he?

Vin. A great Italian banker, lately arrived from Venice—young and very rich.

Cranky. Well!

Vin. Come to London about a matter of business, but he likes it so well he talks of settling here, and taking a house in Portland-place.

Cranky. Portland-place, well?

Vin. Has conceived a mighty passion for Cecilia—saw her at the opera, the other night. I met him at a friends in Lombard-street—he spoke in raptures of your daughter, and finding I knew you gave me a commission

mission to break the matter to you—a fine affair, is it not? answer me that.

Cranky. A banker of Venice?

Vin. A great thing—young and rich.

Cranky. A capital hit! if any man living can supplant this fop, Bouquet, an Italian has the best chance—her passion for music makes her exceeding partial to every thing of that country.

Vin. He's a prize—don't let him slip; I fancy he'll call on you this evening. I gave him your address. I told him you was a good-natured, stupid old fellow.

Cranky. I'm much obliged to you—you'll introduce him.

Vin. No I won't, I have business—he'll come without ceremony, and he'll expect none—you know my way—I told him your character. "He, says I, (my friend Cranky,) is tolerably honest as the world goes, but say that, and you say all"—"I hear," says my Italian, "Mr. Cranky spoke of, as a very worthy old gentleman,"—"No such thing says I, for the only good thing I know of him is that he drinks my wine, and pays me ready money, ha, ha, ha.

Cranky. You are very kind.

Vin. No, no, he'll expect no good manners from you.

Cranky. Not if he judges by my company. (*aside.*) What's his name?

Vin. Signor—Signor—curse these Italian names—I know it ends with an ini, or an elli, or something that way.

Cranky. His coming this evening will be quite a-pro-pos, for Cecilia is to have a concert here in the next room, and her skill in music must render her doubly amiable to an Italian gentleman.

Vin. That's impossible that any thing can—he certainly will marry her, and I'd advise you to conclude the affair immediately, for fear of accidents.

Cranky. My dear friend, I don't know how to thank you.

Vin. I know you don't you're so damned unmannerly—farewel, he drinks my wine, and pays me ready money, Signor, says I, ha, ha, ha.

Cranky. That was very facetious—he, he, he, he, you laughed very hearty at me.

Vin. Yes, ha, ha, he, he, and the Signor laugh'd at you in broken English. Well, well, good by'e.

Cranky. You think he'll come this evening.

Vin. Yes, yes, certainly——farewell——where are you going? answer me that.

Cranky. Only to ring for the servant.

Vin. To watch for fear I'd slip any thing off the side-board in the parlour, as I go out——Is that your politeness? oh, Cranky, Cranky, I fear I never can teach you good manners.

[Exit Vinegar.

Cranky. That you never can indeed——there's a man——first, waiter at a tavern in Fleet-street——marries his master's widow——a vintner

a vintner ten years—commences wine merchant—and in fifteen years amasses a fortune of fifty thousand—well done, old Vinegar—a lucky circumstance tho' if Cecilia accepts of this Italian banker for an husband—oh here she comes, with a whole cargo of fiddles, drums, hautboys, fifes, horns and trumpets—oh lord, oh lord, I must get out of her way while I have the use of my ears.
[Exit.

Enter Cecilia, and Dolce introducing Bouquet.

Dolce. Don't be angry with me, dear madam, for promoting this pleasing interview.

Cecil. Mr. Bouquet.

Bou. My divine Cecilia.

Cecil. How did you gain admittance?

Bou. As one of your band, but on hearing Mr. Vinegar's voice, as I am certain he knows my person, tho' your father does not, for fear of a discovery I pop'd into the case of the double bass, that lies in the concert room.

Cranky. (without) John!

Cecil. My father's voice.

Dolce. Mr. Bouquet, madam, had best retire to the old station, 'till I am certain Mr. Vinegar is gone away.
[Exit Dolce.

Cecil. And must we part?

Bou. But for a moment. [Exit Bouquet.

Enter

Enter Dolce.

Dolce. I fancy Mr. Vinegar is still below stairs—but I must be upon the watch.

Cecil. Dolce, my mind is now somewhat more at ease—my father's caprice may soon take another turn, and that must be in our favour.

Dolce. Heaven send it madam.

Cecil. I expect Signor Arionelli here at my concert—I have a notion of becoming his pupil—when he comes shew him into the concert room.

Dolce. Yes madam.

Cecil. You know him, the Italian Opera singer, speaks in a small tone like a woman.

Dolce. Oh, I know him very well madam.
[*Exit Dolce.*]

S O N G.

Goddeſs of the magic ceſtus,
Queen of amorous arts and wiles,
How can we when cares moleſt us,
Veil our agonies in ſmiles.

Whiſt in dread ſuſpenſe we tremble,
Whiſt black cares and fears annoy,
Vain the effort to diſſemble,
Hard to wear the face of joy.

C H O R U S.

Goddeſs of the magic ceſtus, &c.

Enter

Enter Cranky.

Cranky. John!

Enter John.

If a foreign gentleman comes—an Italian, d'ye mind, introduce him. [*Knock at the door.*] Run, run, perhaps this is he.

[Exit John.]

Ay he'll make something like a son-in-law, and if I find him as eager as old Vinegar reports, I'll have the wedding solemnized this night.

Enter John.

John. Signor—I forgot—the Italian gentleman, sir.

Enter Signor Arionelli.

Sig. Umblissimo, servo, Signor—Is this Mr. Cranky's house?

Cranky. You are very right, sir—my name is Cranky.

Sig. Devotissimo, servo suo.

Cranky. He has a mighty comical voice.
(*aside.*)

Sig. The young lady your daughter, sir?

Cranky. How impatient he is to see her.

Sig.

Sig. I have, fir, a respect for her taste in music.

Cranky. Sir, you do her a great deal of honour—music, fir, is her great passion, and I have always encouraged her in the pursuit—particularly Italian music—I am transported with Italian music—I'd rather hear a Scotch bag-pipe. (*aside.*)

Sig. Sir you are very obliging. (*bows.*)

Cranky. He has a very drole voice.

Sig. Sir I am quite languente—for the lady.

Cranky. He's deeply in love with my daughter. (*aside.*)

Sig. To convince her——

Cranky. Oh, fir, time enough for that; you shall have full opportunity to cultivate a permanent esteem.

Sig. I shall be careful, fir;—diligento in my part to merit her favour.

Cranky. I'll answer for my daughter, and for my own part, fir, there's no man in England I am more anxious to have introduced into my family, from the excellence of your character; and therefore, fir, if you please, we'll have every thing settled immediately.

Sig. Sir, I'll answer that after I sing one song.

Cranky. A Song, fir.

Sig. You can form a better judgment of my voice.

Cranky.

Cranky. Oh Sir, your voice is a very immaterial point.—A gentleman's character, Sir—is——

Sig. Yes, Sir, but I would convince you, Sir, that my voice comes up to my character.

Cranky. I suppose he has a voice in the senate of Venice, that he makes such a work about his voice. [*aside*] Pray, Sir pardon me—Are you a senator?

Sig. Sir!

Cranky. Perhaps you are a Venetian parliament man.

Sig. Sir, I don't understand——

Cranky. Then I must come to the point.—Sir, we will adjust the affair immediately.

Sig. But, Sir, after the concert—In the mean time, I'll sing you a little song.

RECITATIVE.

In gratitude to thy exalted
Friendship—I quit this scene
Of horror and despair.
But ah! this exile
I shall only fly
Restless to tread
The paths of misery.

A I R.

Water parted from the Sea,
May encrease the rivers tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or thro' the fertile vallies glide.

The

THE SON-IN-LAW.

Tho' in search of lost repose,
Thro the land 'tis free to roam;
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for its native home.

Cranky. What has a concert to do with the business in question? In a short interview with my daughter you'll be acquainted with her qualifications—we'll send for our lawyers—and——

Sig. Lawyers? Dear, Sir, you are too particular, there is no occasion for lawyers in—

Cranky. Pardon me, Sir; all these little formalities properly adjusted before marriage, lays the foundation of future happiness; besides a provision for the children you know is essential.

Sig. Children! Marriage! I beg your pardon, Sir, I did not consider about—this marriage—but it seems your daughter is going to be married.

Cranky. Certainly—if you please.

Sig. I beg your pardon, Sir; I'll take my leave for the present.

Cranky. Take your leave!

Sig. Oh, Sir, I am not at all impatient.

Cranky. Very odd, [*aside.*] You are not impatient?

Sig. No, Sir; any other time will do for me.

Cranky. Sir, you are grown very cool of a sudden.—In one word will you be married?

Sig.

Sig. Sir, I don't understand.

Cranky. Will you marry my daughter?
that's the English on't.

Sig. Sir, I came here for a concert.

Cranky. Well, and my daughter is a comfort for a prince.

Sig. Sir, I mean I came here to a concert.

Cranky. Oh—well stay for the concert—
But do you like my daughter?

Sig. She is very beautiful.

Cranky. And have you any thing to say
against her virtue?

Sig. O caro, Signor, not me!

Cranky. Then zounds! why won't you
marry her?

Sig. Sir—Sir—your daughter is a very
fine lady—very good lady—but for marriage—
oh it is quite out of my way.

Cranky. How! are your affections engaged
elsewhere since you saw old Vinegar?

Sig. I have no old Vinegar—nor affections
to any thing but my notes.

Cranky. Well! every Banker should take
care of his notes—but he might like a pretty
girl too.

Sig. Sir, I respect and honour the pretty
girls—but for marriage—it will do for me
to sing to the ladies.

Cranky. Sir, if you object to marry my
daughter, you came to my house with dishonourable intent.

Sig. Sir I——

E

Cranky.

Cranky. Sir you disclosed your passion for my daughter to old Vinegar—I believe old Vinegar.

Sig. I don't understand—old Vinegar!

Cranky. Zounds, Sir!

Enter Cecilia.

Cecil. O my sweet, Signor, we have been all languente for your presence.

Cranky. Sweet, Signor! Oh ho!—now I see what obstructed the marriage!—Oh, you wicked girl.

Cecil. Sir!

Cranky. Oh, you vile seducers.

Sig. Signor!

Cecil. What's the matter now, Sir?

Cranky. After all he won't marry you.

Cecil. What all, Sir.

Cranky. Has he not undone you?

Cecil. Undone me, Sir!

Cranky. Yes you profligate.

Cecil. Ha! ha! ha!

Cranky. What do you laugh at it? Oh she is hardened in her iniquity.

Cecil. Why my dear, Sir, do you know who this is?

Cranky. Oh yes, Ma'am, I know your Venetian Banker.

Cecil. Why, Sir, this is Signor Arionelli, the Opera Singer.

Cranky.

Cranky. Nelly, the Opera Singer! marry my daughter.—Oh I have mistook my man.

Sig. Madam, if you please I would rather go to the concert.

Cranky. Ay, ay, go to the concert.

Sig. La Rin—gracio, Signor—Schiavo suo, Signora.

A I R.

Signior Cranky, then Addio;
Banish all your vain alarms,

To Cecil. Ah, farwell bell idol mio,
To a Briton give your charms.

[*Exit.*

Cranky. I am vexed with myself—I have made myself so ridiculous with the Opera Singers and Dancing Masters—I believe something—I don't know what—interferes in this affair.—Cecilia I will be obeyed, and therefore I insist that you take —

Cecil. Oh, dear, Sir!

Cranky. The man of your own choice.

Cecil. Dear, kind, Papa.

Cranky. Come exhibit your concert room.
John!

Scene draws and discovers a room elegantly prepared for a Concert. An Orchestra on the stage, in which is a full band, the case of a violencello on the floor.

F I N A L E.

Cranky. No longer Cupid's foe child,
To make you reparation,
For all your sad vexation,
Go please your inclination,
And take your lovely beau, child.

Cecil. Papa, I humbly thank you ;

Cranky. Tune up your Vi'l'incello,
This night I'll sure get mellow,

Cecil. And as a kind old fellow,
Each lover here will thank you,

Cranky. No more I'll be absurd ;
If old Nick should hither carry him,
You this very night should marry him,

Bou. I take you at your word. [*from the case.*]

Cranky. Hark ! hark ! for without doubt ;
The voice comes from the Bass ;

Bou. Make haste and let me out.

Cecil. My lover's in the case.

Cranky. A lover's in the case ?
[*Bouquet comes out.*]
Is this your beau my dear ?

Bou. Yes, Sir, and your obedient,
Cranky. And thus you got in here?
Cecil. } A lover's last expedient.
Bou. }

Cranky. I keep my word—her hand here take. }
Cecil. No more you'll play the naughty rake, }
Bou. For love, I folly here forsake. }

Cecil. Hail, oh harmony divine,
Parent of the tuneful nine;
Warbling, sporting,
Chirping, courting,
Love and harmony be mine.
Chorus, Hail, oh, &c.

F I N I S.



